

# The Musical World.

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED. IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—Goethe.

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VOL. 35.—No. 27.

SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1857.

PRICE 4d.  
STAMPED 5d.

**MISS FANNY HUDDART** begs respectfully to announce that she has changed her residence, and that her present address is No. 8, Parade, Harleyford-road, Kennington.

**MADAME HEURIE** (Contralto), **MISS STEVENSON** (Pianiste). Letters respecting engagements to be addressed to their residence, 15, Cleveland-gardens, Hyde-park, W.

**WANTED.**—Two respectable Youths, as Junior Clerks in a Music-warehouse. Apply to Messrs. Boosey and Sons, Holles-street.

**STRADUARIUS VIOLONCELLO FOR SALE.**—This well-known instrument was purchased at the late John Dennis, Esq.'s sale. Apply to Mr. Joseph Atkinson, 29, George-street, Hull.

**HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.**—Last Night but Four of the Season.—**IL DON GIOVANNI.**—On Thursday next, will be repeated **MOZART'S CHEF-D'ŒUVRE**, with the following unprecedented cast: Zerlina, Mdle. Piccolomini; Donna Anna, Mdle. Spezia; and Donna Elvira, Mdle. Ortolani. Don Giovanni, Signor Benevntano; Leporello, Signor Bellotti; Masetto, Signor Corsi; Il Commendatore, Signor Valetti; and Don Ottavio, Signor Giuglini. The Minuet in the Ball Scene will be danced by Mdles. Pasquali, Morlacchi, Marie, and Corps de Ballet. Conductor, Signor Bonetti. From respect to the grand work of the immortal composer, the following artistes of the establishment have consented to lend their assistance to increase the effect of the majestic Finale of the first Act, including the chorus, "Vive la Liberté." MM. Reichardt, C. Braham, Bottardi, Mercuriali, Kinni, De Soros, and Baillon; Mesdames Poma, Berti, Baillon, Fazio, and Ramos. To conclude with the new Ballet Divertissement, founded on the celebrated ballet (by M. Mazillier) of **MARCO SPADA** (arranged by Sig. Ronconi in two tableaux), the principal parts by Madame Rosati, Mdles. Katrine, Pasquali, Morlacchi, Signors Rouz-ni, Baratti, and M. Masot, &c., &c. A limited number of Boxes on the Half Circle Tier have been specially reserved for the public, and may be had at the Box Office at the Theatre, price 21s. and £1 11s. 6d. each.

**HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—MADLE PICCOLLOMINI** has the honour to inform the Nobility, Subscribers, and the Public, that her **BENEFIT** will take place on **MONDAY EVENING, JULY 6.** The entertainments will comprise the Second Act of **LA FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO.**

Maria, Madlle. Piccolomini; La Marchesa, Madlle. Poma; Tonio, Sig. Belart; Sergente Sulpizio, Sig. Belletti.

The Last Act of **IL TROVATORE.**

Leonora, Madlle. Spezia; Azucena, Mad. Albani; Il Conte di Luna, Sig. Benevntano; Ferrando, Sig. Valetti; Manrico, Sig. Giuglini.

The Last Act of Verdi's Opera, **LA TRAVIATA.**

Violetta, Mdle. Piccolomini; Germont Giorgio, Signor Benevntano; Alfredo, Signor Giuglini.

For the first time, the Last Scene of Donizetti's Opera,

**I MARTIRI.**

Including the grand duo, "Il suon dell' Arpe Angelica."

Pauline, Mdle. Piccolomini; Poltuto, Signor Giuglini. With various entertainments in the **BALLET** Department embracing the talents of Madame Rosati, Mdle. Boschetti, Mdle. Katrine, Mdles. Pasquali, Morlacchi, and Madame Poma Nena. Applications for boxes, stalls, and tickets to be made at the Box-office of the Theatre.

**BENEDICT'S LAST GRAND MORNING CONCERT.**—At **HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE**, on **WEDNESDAY, July 8.**—Rossini's "Stabat Mater," by Mesdames Piccolomini, Spezia, Ortolani, Albani; Signor Giuglini, Beart, R. Reichardt, Charles Braham, Benevntano, Corsi, Valetti, and Belletti. The Brousal Family, "La Petite d'Habil," and other eminent instrumental performers have been engaged for this occasion. Boxes, two, three, and four guineas; pit stalls, 21s.; pit, 7s.; and gallery stalls, 5s. Can be had of Mr. Benedict, 2, Manchester-square; and at the box-office, at the theatre.

**W. H. HOLMES'S PIANOFORTE PUPILS, AND EMINENT ARTISTES**, Hanover-square Rooms, Thursday morning, July 16. Two o'clock. Tickets, 10s. 6d. 3s. Beaumont-street, Marylebone.

**MR. W. DORRELL** begs to inform his friends that the Annual Private Performance of Pianoforte Music, by his Pupils, will take place at No. 21, Cumberland-street, Bryanston-square (by the kind permission of Mrs. W. Marjoribanks Hughes), on Monday next, July 6th, at 3 o'clock. 4, Nottingham-place, Regent's-park.

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**JUVENILE ORCHESTRA,**  
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**HER MAJESTY'S STATE BALL.**—Wednesday, June 24th.—John Weippert's Royal Quadrille Band (consisting of forty-five artistes) had the honour of attending upon the above auspicious occasion, and introduced, with the greatest *clat*, the following New Music:—

### QUADRILLES.

Bals de Paris .. .. .	Bousquet.
Reine Topaze .. .. .	Strauss.
Cesar de Bazar .. .. .	Montgomery.
La Congrès .. .. .	Lamotte.
Vèpres Siciliennes .. .. .	Musard.
La ballo Orientale .. .. .	Lamotte.

### VALESES.

Trovatore .. .. .	Weippert.
Cupid's Dream .. .. .	Browne.
Magicienne .. .. .	Bousquet.
Henrietta .. .. .	Lamotte.
Isabella .. .. .	Mellon.

### GALOPS.

Excursion .. .. .	Montgomery.
Constantino .. .. .	Lanner.
Midnight .. .. .	Gollmick.

**F. DENT**, sole Successor to E. J. Dent in all his patent rights and business at 61, Strand, and 34 and 35, Royal Exchange and the Clock and Compass Factory at Somerset Wharf, Chronometer, Watch, and Clock Maker to the Queen and Prince Albert, and Maker of the **GREAT CLOCK FOR THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.** Ladies' Gold Watches, Eight Guineas; Gentlemen's, Ten Guineas; strong Silver Lever Watches, Six Guineas; Church Clocks, with Compensation Pendulum, &c. No connexion with 33, Cockspur-street.

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**GLOVER.** The Poetry by J. E. CARPENTER, Esq. Each 3s.—viz., 1. The Mermaids' Evening Song. 2. The Distant Chimes. 3. Down among the Chimes.

**M. Y. MOTHER'S GENTLE WORD.**—Ballad.—Poetry by J. E. CARPENTER, Esq. Music by W. T. WRIGHTON. Dedicated to Mrs. Jacob. Elegantly decorated title, 2s. 6d. "These exquisite lines are rendered by Mr. Wrighton with a remarkable truthfulness of feeling. The melody suits the words, and the song is altogether singable." London, Robert Cook and Co., New Burlington-street, W.

## A GRAND CONCERT

FOR THE BENEFIT OF

EDWARD LODER,

WILL BE GIVEN AT

EXETER HALL,  
ON MONDAY EVENING, JULY 6th,

## PROGRAMME.

## PART I.

- OVERTURE—"Der Freischütz" .. .. . Weber.  
 DUETTO (MS.)—"Paolo e Virginia" .. .. . Weiss.  
 Madame WEISS and Mr. WEISS.  
 BRAVURA—"Carnaval de Venise," arranged by Benedict  
 Madame GASSIER.  
 SOLO—Violin, "Hungarian Airs" .. .. . Ernst.  
 Herr ERNST.  
 ARIA—"Dove Sono" .. .. . Mozart.  
 Madame RUDERSDORFF.  
 CAVATINA—"Come into the garden, Maud" .. .. . Balfe.  
 Mr. SIMS REEVES.  
 CHANSONNETTE—"Comme la fauvette" .. .. . Thomas.  
 Madame UGALDE.  
 FANTASIA—Pianoforte, "Illustration du Prophète" .. .. . Liszt.  
 Miss ARABELLA GODDARD.  
 BOLERO—"Merci, jeunes Amies," (Les Vêpres Siciliennes) .. .. . Verdi.  
 Madame CARADORI.  
 SONG—"Sing me, then, the songs of old" .. .. . Loder.  
 Mr. WEISS.  
 MELODY—"Mouth not" .. .. . Randegger.  
 Madame RUDERSDORFF.  
 HARMONIUM OBLIGATO—Herr ENGEL.  
 CANZONE—"Stride la Vampa" .. .. . Verdi.  
 Miss FANNY HUDDART.  
 RECITATIVE AND AIR—"Let the bright Seraphim" .. .. . Handel.  
 Madame ENDERSOHN.  
 TRUMPET OBLIGATO—Mr. HARPER.  
 NEW SOLO (on the Perfected Flute)—"Il Trovatore" .. .. . Pratten.  
 Mr. R. S. PRATTEN.

## PART II.

- OVERTURE—"Domino Noir" .. .. . Auber.  
 BALLAD—"Not I" .. .. . Macfarren.  
 Herr REICHHART.  
 BALLAD—"The joys of my fairy home" .. .. . Loder.  
 Madame WEISS.  
 SOLO—Contrabasso .. .. . Bottesini.  
 Signor BOTTESINI.  
 SCENA E CAVATINA—"Tacea la notte placida" .. .. . Verdi.  
 Miss LOUISA VINNING.  
 NEW BALLAD—"Who shall be fairest?" .. .. . Mori.  
 Mr. SIMS REEVES.  
 CAVATINA—"In questo semprico" .. .. . Donizetti.  
 Madame UGALDE.  
 SONG—"This is the place" .. .. . Balfe.  
 Miss FANNY HUDDART.  
 BARCAROLLE—"Oh! boatman, haste!" .. .. . Balfe.  
 Composed expressly for Mr. WEISS.  
 AIR, WITH VARIATIONS—"Al dolce canto" .. .. . Rode.  
 Madame CARADORI.  
 SOLO—Concertina, "The Bohemian Girl" .. .. . Case.  
 Mr. GEORGE CASE.  
 SONG—"The deserted Bride" .. .. . Balfe.  
 Madame ENDERSOHN.  
 MARCH—"Le Prophète" .. .. . Meyerbeer.

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ACCOMPANIST, MR. FRANK MORI.

To commence at Seven o'clock. Tickets, 1s.; Stalls, 2s. 6d.; to be had  
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EDWIN JAMES FARREN, Actuary and Secretary.  
Annual Reports, Prospectuses, and other Forms on application.

**IMPERIAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.**—1, OLD BROAD STREET, LONDON. Instituted 1820. T. GEORGE BARCLAY, Esq., Chairman. MARTIN T. SMITH, Esq., M.P., Deputy-Chairman.

One-third of the premium on Insurances of £500 and upwards, for the whole term of life, may remain as a debt upon the Policy, to be paid off at convenience; or the directors will lend sums of £50 and upwards on the security of policies effected with this Company for the whole term of life, when they have acquired an adequate value.

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At the Fifth Appropriation of Profits for the five years terminating January 31, 1856, a reversionary bonus was declared of £1 10s. per cent. on the sums insured, and subsisting additions for every premium paid during the five years. This bonus, on policies of the longest duration, exceeds £2 5s. per cent. per annum on the original sums insured, and increases a policy of £1,000 to £1,638.

Proposals for Insurances may be made at the Chief Office, as above; at the Branch Office, 16, Pall-mall, London; or to any of the Agents throughout the kingdom.

## BONUS TABLE.

SHOWING THE ADDITIONS MADE TO POLICIES OF £1,000 EACH.

Date of Insurance.	Amount of Additions to Feb. 1, 1851.	Addition made as on Feb. 1, 1856.	Sum Payable after Death.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
1820.....	523 14 0	114 5 0	1638 1 0
1825.....	382 14 0	103 14 0	1486 8 0
1830.....	241 12 0	93 2 0	1334 14 0
1835.....	185 3 0	88 17 0	1274 0 0
1840.....	128 15 0	84 13 0	1213 8 0
1845.....	65 15 0	79 18 0	1145 13 0
1850.....	10 0 0	75 15 0	1085 15 0
1855.....		15 0 0	1015 0 0

And for Intermediate Years in proportion.

The next Appropriation will be made in 1861.

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**"THOSE OTHER TIMES,"** Ballad, sung by Miss Julia St. George, in her Dramatic Entertainment, entitled "Home and Foreign Lyrics." The music by J. F. Duggan. Now ready, price 2s., post free on receipt of the amount in postage stamps. London: Hartmann and Co., 88, Albany-street N.W.

**"JOAN OF ARC,"** Recit. and Air.—Sung by MISS JULIA ST. GEORGE in her Dramatic Entertainment, entitled "Home and Foreign Lyrics." The music by J. F. Duggan. Now ready, price 2s. 6d., post free on receipt of the amount in postage stamps, Hartmann and Co., 88, Albany-street, N.W., Music-sellers.

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**TO BE GIVEN AWAY!! PATENT EUPHONICON,** by STEWART. This elegant Pianoforte, finished in a most elaborate style, in satin wood, compass 7 octaves C C, will be given away to one of 500 purchasers of "Farmer's First Love Waltzes," price 4s., or sent post-free on receipt of fifty-two postage-stamps, by J. Harrison, Professor of Music. The instrument can be seen at J. H.'s Pianoforte and Harmonium Warehouse, High-street, Horncastle, N.B.—Each purchaser will receive a cheque giving a chance of obtaining the above instrument.

## REVIEWS.

CONCERTO POUR PIANO, avec grand orchestre. Par H. F. Kufferath. Op. 24.

Herr Kufferath composes with care, and publishes with discrimination. A new pianoforte concerto from his pen is therefore welcome. We are sure to find much to interest in any important production which he may give to the world, and in the present instance we are not disappointed.

Herr Kufferath, a Prussian by birth, and a staunch disciple of Mendelssohn, has long resided in Brussels, where he is distinguished both as pianist and composer. As a pianist he is wholly opposed to the school which apes the peculiarities of Dr. Liszt (without ever approaching the genuine qualities of that distinguished Weimarian), and would regard Herr Rubinstein with anything but an eye of approval. As a composer he emulates the manner, and not unsuccessfully imitates the workmanship, of the last of the great German musicians, who, though ten years have elapsed since his death, remains still without a successor. The concerto before us, of the merits of which we cannot fairly judge, since the pianoforte part alone is in our possession, bears evidence that Herr Kufferath has not yet broken the spell which binds the greater number of meditative musicians to the fascinating style of Mendelssohn. That style, however, unless employed upon the development of original and beautiful ideas (as in the case of Mendelssohn himself, whose fancy was as inexhaustible as his genius was profound), becomes less fascinating, and often, indeed, deteriorates into mannerism. Herr Kufferath is not so slavish a copyist as many of his contemporaries, but he appears enough of a copyist in the composition under notice (and in other works of his with which we are acquainted,) to prove that the Mendelssohn machinery is with him a favorite expedient to make up for the absence of any very new, fresh, or genial thoughts. The principal theme of the first piece (*allegro moderato*—E minor) is by no means striking, and as it is constantly referred to in the course of a very lengthy movement, it invests the whole with a certain air of diffuseness. Nevertheless the *allegro* is a very brilliant movement, and the *bravura* passages are in many instances equally novel and effective. There is, too, a counter-theme (with Mr. Punch's permission) which is flowing and melodious, and in a great measure relieves the monotony of the rest.

Of the slow movement and *finale* we cannot presume to speak until we are afforded an opportunity of regarding the entire "*partitur*."

## SIG. GARCIA'S NEW TREATISE ON SINGING.

SIG. GARCIA'S new work is the result of deep study, great judgment, and much experience. It does not consist merely of a few explanatory paragraphs on the registers of the voice, the usual conventional embellishments, and a few exercises to develop the taste of the student; it goes thoroughly into the construction of the vocal organs, describes their origin and use, and proceeds to the best means of ensuring a full development of the natural powers. It abounds in excellent advice, hitherto considered as appertaining exclusively to the anatomy of the voice, and consequently excluded from all methods as unnecessary to the vocal tyro, and as infringing on the anatomical art. We do not think so. If the professor excel in bringing forth all the capabilities of the vocal organ, we cannot see why he should not at the same time explain the cause and origin of the sounds thus produced, and do his best to preserve them from decay. Signor Garcia describes the object of study to be "to develop the natural gifts of an organ, not to transform or extend them beyond their power or capability." We have seen numerous examples of the fatal consequences of a deviation from this system. Signor Garcia's observations on respiration and articulation are excellent; his remarks on the different species of vocalisation are well worth consideration. The exercises which he has chosen for practice are selected from the best composers—they are principally from Mozart, Pucitta, Cimarosa, Handel, Rossini, Bellini, Meyerbeer, Donizetti, and Auber. His observations on the different styles of singing are judicious, and are well exemplified by a select choice of each from the works of

the best masters. On the whole, we may say that this work is the production of a good musician, and a conscientious master. Signor Garcia is not one of those men who pretend to teach music in twelve lessons; he writes to elevate the art, points out the difficulties to be encountered, and the manner of vanquishing them, and encourages, without flattering, the pupil in his arduous undertaking.

## DON'T BOTHER ME, BARNEY.

(BY JAMES HIPKINS.)

Respectfully dedicated to Mrs. Barney Williams, of the Theatre Royal, Adelphi.

Don't bother me, Barney, you know I can't bear it,  
Sich bowin', and schrapin' I don't understand;  
'Tis yourself is a jontleman, faith, an' I swear it,  
But still I can't give you Kate Donovan's hand;  
You know there's Mike Murphy, pet son of his mother,  
He call'd me sweet Katty, and haved a big sigh,  
And said he would take me without any bother,  
Besides, don't you know there's a pig in the sty.  
Then och! sich a weddin', wid plenty of whiskey,  
The Shamrock \* so green hangin' over the dour;  
To Pat Perrin's fiddle no lilt half so frisky  
Has ever been danced in Ould Ireland before!

Mike told me that grate folks wid plenty of money  
Are call'd young, and handsome, "though weazen'd they be."  
An' the Queen, "though we know she's a dear little honey,"  
I'd rather have you, Kate, said Michael, said he—  
Wid sweet rosy cheeks, and your pretty blue eyes, love,  
I watch you as lightly you trip o'er the green,  
In form like an angel jist dropp'd from the skies, love,  
To rival the lasses of Balliporeen.  
Then och! sich a weddin', wid plenty of whiskey,  
The Shamrock so green hangin' over the dour,  
To Pat Perrin's fiddle no lilt half so frisky  
Has ever been danced in Ould Ireland before!

And so, Mister Barney, I think I would rather  
Decline your kind offer—now don't look so wild—  
To soothe all your troubles you shall be the father—  
I mane the god-father, of Mike's little child.  
Jist think of the honor, and don't call me cruel  
When Father O'Flanagan christens the boy;  
Should the babe be a daughter—the dear little jewel!  
I'll call it Kat Murphy, my d rling, my joy!  
Then och! sich a christenin', wid plenty of whiskey,  
The Shamrock so green hangin' over the dour;  
To Pat Perrin's fiddle no lilt half so frisky  
Has ever been danced in Ould Ireland before.  
(These words are copyright.)

[We have taken the liberty of correcting the Hibernicisms, the Author being entirely innocent of Irish orthography and pronunciation.—Ed.]

\* The sign of the whiskey shop.

## TO PUNCH.

From the Musical Times.

WANTED, a Coachman; a man having a tenor voice and fair knowledge of music, so as to be able to take part in a choir, preferred. Also, a Boy, to milk and take charge of cows; he must have a good voice. Apply, G. G. Gowing, Library, Watton, Norfolk.

## ROSSINI AWAKENED.

(Paris Correspondence of the Times.)

THE musical world will be interested in knowing that Rossini, who has been residing in Paris for some time past, and whose pen had long remained idle, has resumed it for the benefit of his friend, M. Vivier, the celebrated horn-player. Rossini has just composed two pieces for him, which are spoken of in the highest terms. The manuscript has been presented to M. Vivier by the great composer, with a flattering dedication from the same hand. M. Vivier is about to leave for the United States.



## HANDEL FESTIVAL.

In the enumeration of those who have rendered essential service to the Handel Festival, the name of Mr. Fergusson, the able and indefatigable manager of the Crystal Palace, stands at the head of the list. From the period when the first suggestion of the Festival was made to him, up to the end, his exertions have been beyond all praise. To him and Mr. Grove, the Secretary to the Crystal Palace Company, every lover of music owes much for their ready co-operation in the cause. Amid circumstances occasionally of great toil, and but too often of extreme discouragement, both these gentlemen strove to the utmost to ensure the success of the great undertaking with which they were associated.

Much praise is also due to the chairman, Mr. Anderson, and the Directors. One of these gentlemen deserves particular mention. Of thorough business habits, of high legal acquirements, and of extreme activity, the assistance of Mr. Farquhar was invaluable.

In fact, it may be said of the entire staff of the Crystal Palace, that they have evinced the greatest anxiety to do their utmost. Mr. Hayes, the director of the Fine Arts department, as well as Mr. Earee, the Clerk of the Works, had no small share of anxiety. The magnificent orchestra, erected by the latter, and the general fine arts arrangements of the former, are equally worthy of acknowledgment.

In many cases the experience of the past will be of the greatest value in improving any future celebrations. With a building of such extreme vastness as the Crystal Palace, there are absolutely no data which can be relied upon. Experience has to be purchased, and had it not been for the active co-operation of all, that purchase would have cost much more than it has done. It is hardly necessary to allude to the labours of Mr. Costa, but it would be unjust not to bear testimony to the very great pains he took. In laying out the plans of the orchestra—in selecting and placing the instrumentalists—in the laborious series of choral rehearsals—in undertaking, during the heavy duties of a musical season, the composition of accompaniments to *Judas Maccabeus*—and in taking care long before-hand that every minute detail was provided for—in all these and many other matters his assistance proved invaluable. How much the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society value his co-operation, was tolerably apparent at the performance of *Eli* at Exeter Hall, on Wednesday evening. By all associated with him he is most highly esteemed. As a musician and as a gentleman he is equally endeared to all.

The arrangements of such an orchestra as that of the Handel Festival is no slight task. To say that within its bounds not a hitch occurred is the actual truth. Every performer had an assigned place, which he occupied. The committee of the Sacred Harmonic Society, too, worked nobly. Although all of them are engaged in various businesses or professions, they were always at their posts. In the selection and trials of the applicants, in the long series of rehearsals, in the watchful daily supervision of the orchestra, their services were beyond praise. The names of these gentlemen deserve record: they are, for the treble chorus, Mr. Hill; for the altos, Mr. W. H. Husk; for the tenors, Mr. Carmichael; for the basses, Mr. Whitehorn; and for the band, Mr. Winsor. Each of these gentlemen had six assistants under him, and it is not too much to say that the Handel Festival has been the means of bringing forward into official positions a number of active and intelligent gentlemen, skilled in their duties, and whose future labours will be of great help to the Society.

To Mr. Puttick, as the chief of the country corresponding and engagement committee, high praise is due. The labours of this gentleman and his colleagues were brought to a successful termination by the payment of the country performers at the close of the last day's performance.

Mr. Brown, the esteemed Honorary Secretary, and Mr. Harrison, the President of the Society, must be noticed last that their services may be held most in remembrance. It can be no small gratification to these gentlemen to have lived to witness the triumph of the Sacred Harmonic Society—this child of their own has attained its high position by exactly a quarter of a

century's steady progress. To know that Mr. Brown and Mr. Harrison both continue the first and only Secretary and President the Society has had in its five and twenty years' career, is the best proof of the great nature of the services they have rendered the institution, and, it is hoped, also, the cause of good music and high moral principle.

## HANDEL.\*

(Continued from page 373.)

*Israel in Egypt* was performed for the third time upon the 17th April, 1739, and, on the next day, announced for repetition on the 19th, but the following advertisement appeared on that date: "This day, the last new oratorio, called *Saul*, and not *Israel in Egypt*, as by mistake was advertised in yesterday's bills and papers; with a concerto on the organ by Mr. Handel, and another on the violin by the famous Signor Piantanida, who is just arrived from abroad."

Thus, that great masterpiece of composition, *Israel in Egypt*, was so coldly received, that it actually could not command four performances, when it was first brought out! It had to yield to the superior attraction of the "famous Signor Piantanida." It was, however, performed once, on the 1st April, 1740, after which nothing was heard of it till 1756, when it was given with extracts from *Solomon* and the *Occasional Oratorio*, instead of the Funeral Anthem in the First Part. Indeed, so far was *Israel in Egypt* from proving a success, that it was performed only nine times during the lifetime of the author, while the score was unedited at his death! But, as M. Victor Schœlcher observes, this sublime effort of human genius was doomed to a worse fate than mere failure. It was performed, at Covent Garden, in 1765, with the interpolation of twelve airs and fourteen recitatives, the music of which was taken from Handel's Italian operas, and set to English sacred words. Thanks, however, to the improved taste of the present age, *Israel in Egypt* is now performed in all its integrity.

Although the fact is enveloped in obscurity, it is just possible that during the season in which *Saul* and *Israel in Egypt* were produced, Handel brought out, also, an opera. The *London Daily Post*, of the 26th of April, 1739, announced—"On Tuesday next, May 1st, will be performed, at the King's Theatre, in the Haymarket, a dramatic composition, called 'Jupiter in Argos,' intermixed with choruses and 2 concertos on the organ. To begin at 7." Handel's name is not mentioned, and as the numbers of the above newspaper from the 30th April to the 7th May, are wanting in the collection of the British Museum, we cannot say whether the representation ever took place. M. Schœlcher thinks it never did. Burney expressed a doubt even as to the existence of such an opera; but M. Schœlcher discovered in the Fitzwilliam Museum a great part of the MS., including the last pages, dated, "Fine dell' opera *Jupiter in Argos*, April 24, 1739. G. F. Handel."

The following season Handel reappeared on the 22nd November, 1739, at the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre, with Dryden's *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day*. It is, also, to this same year that we must refer the book of *Seven Sonatas or Trios, Opera 5<sup>a</sup>*, and the *Twelve grand Concertos, Op. 6<sup>a</sup>*, performed during the season of 1739-40.

On the 27th February, Handel, whose fertility appears inexhaustible, gave the ode *L'Allegro, il Penseroso, and Il Moderato*, composed in fifteen days.

On the 8th November following, he took the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields for another season, which he opened with a revival of *Parnasso in Festa*, afterwards producing *Imeneo*, for which he had abandoned *Saul*. *Imeneo* failing to draw, he replaced it by *L'Allegro*, and set to work to compose another opera, *Deidamia*, which he brought out on the 10th January, 1741. But the public still remained indifferent, and *Deidamia* was shelved after the third representation. The season terminated on the 7th April. It had been a disastrous one, but nothing could cause Handel to forget the duty he seems to have imposed on himself of giving an annual benefit for his musical brethren in distress; and, accordingly, there was a performance of *Parnasso in*

*The Life of Handel*, by Victor Schœlcher: London, Trübner and Co., 57, Paternoster-row.

*Festa* for that purpose, on the 14th March, at the King's Theatre, in the Haymarket. On the 8th April, Handel gave a species of farewell performance, consisting of *L'Allegro* and the *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day*, thus announced in the *London Daily Post* :—

"This being the last time of performing, many persons of quality, and others, are pleased to make great demands for box-tickets, which encourages me (and I hope it will not give offence) to put the pit and boxes together at half-a-guinea each. First gallery, five shillings; second gallery, three."

The following extract from a letter, signed J. B., which appeared in the same paper on the 4th April, affords us a curious insight into the position of Handel at the time, and the difficulties against which he had to contend :—

"At this time, when it is become a fashion to neglect Mr. Handel (unknown as his person is to me), I will recall Cotsoni, Faustina, Cenosini, that he had in his time raised to fame, who had gained by his compositions both praise and profit, whilst the merit unobserved, and almost unrewarded, was the poor, but the proud lot of the forgotten master. \* \* \* \* If we are not careful for him, let us be for our own credit with the polite world; and if old age or infirmity, if even a pride so inseparable from great men have offended, let us take it as the natural foible of the great genius, and let us overlook them like spots upon the sun. \* \* \* \* You may by this time, sir, easily see what I mean by this letter. I wish I could urge this apology to its full efficacy, and persuade the gentlemen of figure and weight, who have taken offence at any part of this great man's conduct (for a great man he must be in the musical world whatever misfortunes may now, too late, say to the contrary), I wish I could persuade them, I say, to take him back into favour, and relieve him from the cruel persecution of those little vermin, who, taking advantage of their displeasure, pull down even his bills as fast as he has them put up, and use a thousand other little acts to injure and distress him. But, in the meantime, let the public take care that he wants not—that would be an unpardonable ingratitude; and as this oratorio of Wednesday next is his last for the season, and, if report be true, probably his last for ever in this country, let them, with a generous and friendly benevolence, fill this his last house, and show him on his departure, that London, the greatest and richest city in the world, is great and rich in virtue as well as money, and can pardon and forget the failings, or even the faults of a great genius, etc., etc."

From our knowledge of Handel's proud temper, we agree with M. Schœlcher in thinking that this letter, however well-intentioned, must have greatly excited Handel's anger. By the appeal to the "gentlemen of figure and weight," the social Daniel Lamberts of the day, "to pardon and forget the failings or even the faults of a great genius," the immortal composer was treated as though he were to blame in the matter, and this was a confession which nothing could induce him to make. The letter is valuable as showing the spirit which was then exerted against him, and which extended even to the petty annoyance of pulling down his bills as soon as they were pasted up. We cannot wonder that Handel, despite his indomitable character and force of mind, should grow tired of such a contest, even if we leave altogether out of consideration the immense losses he had incurred in his operatic speculations. The Irish had long wished to see him among them, and the Duke of Devonshire, then Lord Lieutenant, had expressly invited him to pay them a visit. With this invitation Handel at last complied.

Before proceeding to follow the great Saxon to the Emerald Isle, we may notice the fact, that all the failures which had attended Italian operas, did not prevent another candidate for insolvency from coming forward. In 1741, Lord Middlesex, in conjunction with some of his friends, re-opened the theatre in the Haymarket, and Horace Walpole informs us with what means of success his lordship had provided himself, and what measures he had taken to quell all opposition. Walpole writes—

"Downing Street, Oct. 8, 1741, O.S.—The opera begins the day after the King's Birthday. The singers are not permitted to sing till on the stage, so no one has heard them. The opera is to be in the French system of dancers, scenes, and dresses. The directors have already laid out great sums. They talk of a mob to silence the operas, as they did the French players, but it will be more difficult, for here half the young noblemen in town are engaged, and they will not be easily persuaded to humour the taste of the mobility. In short, they have already retained several eminent lawyers from the Bear Gardens to plead their defence."

It may be necessary, perhaps, to inform our readers that the Bear Gardens was a great resort for boxers. But the services of these gentlemen could not ensure success to the undertaking. Lord Middlesex was compelled to give it up in 1744. He re-opened the theatre in 1747, but was again under the necessity of abandoning the management, and closing the theatre in 1748. He suffered considerable losses. He did not even retire without having to appear in a court of law, for we learn, from the *Gentleman's Magazine*, for November, 1748, that he had an action brought against him, in the Court of King's Bench, by an Italian singer for 1000 guineas, the price of one winter's performance, and was obliged to pay that sum.

(To be continued.)

## THE ORGAN, CRAVEN CHAPEL.

THE ADAPTATION AND THE USE OF THE ORGAN BY NONCONFORMISTS—THEIR MUSIC, ETC., ETC.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—A little to the east of the upper part of the more commercial portion of Regent Street is situate Craven Chapel, built about the year 1820, on a spot that formed the corner of what was once the Pest Field—where just two centuries ago the victims of the "Great Plague" were brought from St. Giles's in cart loads, coffinless, and shot into huge pits; an historical record, in proof of which abundant local evidence remains to this day, in the fact that a mass of human bones, forming a pretty compact stratum, runs through the neighbourhood at a few feet below the surface.

The chapel—a substantial brick building, and somewhat elegantly fitted, having cost altogether about £12,000, and accommodating 2000 persons—is dedicated to the worship of our blessed Lord, in accordance with the *Independent* tenets of Nonconformity, and was long celebrated as the scene of the successful ministerial labours of the Rev. Dr. Liefchild, who, on retiring from the pastorate in 1854, after a service of about a quarter of a century, at the venerable age of seventy-five, the congregation marked their sense of the benefits they had derived from his teaching, by presenting the pious divine with one of a hundred more. His successor, the Rev. John Graham, now ministers to a no less numerous and admiring flock.

Of this congregation is one Mr. Henry Bidgood, an active tradesman in the neighbourhood, an influential vestryman of the parish, and St. James's representative at the Metropolitan Central Board of Works. A dear lover of music, and a good friend to the church of his religion. Feeling convinced himself of the great advantage the harmony of the "*King of Instruments*" would be as a help to the congregation in the singing of God's praises, he took steps to ascertain (by a process unmistakable for effecting it with correctness) the feeling of all his fellow worshippers in respect to the expediency of seeking to furnish the chapel with an organ.

The result of the poll—for of such really was the nature of the inquiry—showing approval by upwards of two-thirds of the seat-holders, and neutrality in a large portion of the other—the *minor third* seemed to justify the immediate prosecution of the work; and Mr. Bidgood—satisfied of the capability of himself and friends to raise by subscription the required fund (£500)—took upon himself the responsibility consequent on ordering an organ. The instrument in due course was erected in the chapel, and first used in divine service May 17, 1857.

It was built under the direction of the before-named gentleman, and an amateur hand or two, by Mr. John Squire, of Tanbridge-place, New-road, a meritorious artificer (formerly of the factory of Messrs. Robson, St. Martin's-lane), and is as follows :—

### TWO MANUALS AND PEDAL.

#### GREAT ORGAN CC TO F IN ALT.

1. Bourdon, 16 feet tone.
2. Open Diapason.
3. Stopped Diapason.
4. Clarabella to tenor C, (8 feet).
5. Dulciana.
6. Viol da Gamba (Tenor C).
7. Principal.
8. Rohrflöte (4 feet).
9. Twelfth.
10. Fifteenth.
11. Mixture, 4 ranks.
12. Crenona, to Tenor C.
13. Slide prepared for Trumpet.

#### SWELL CC TO F IN ALT.

- Open Diapason.
- Stopped Diapason.
- Principal.
- Cornets, 3 ranks.
- Oboe.
- Cornopean.
- Clarion.
- Contra Fagotto (16 feet).

#### PEDAL ORGAN CCC TO TENOR F.

- Open Diapason, (wood) 16 feet.
- Violane (wo d) 16 feet.
- Principal (metal) 8 feet.
- Great Quint (wood stopper), 10 ft. tone.

Three Couplers, 5 Composition Pedals to Great Organ, 2 to Swell, and a Tremulant—Total number of pipes, 1488.

The synopsis will be seen to present several novelties, and those of your readers conversant in such matters (which a large portion doubtless are), must draw their own inferences as to their value. An important feature of peculiarity—of somewhat doubtful propriety—which the synopsis does not show, is worthy of mention—viz., the unusual narrowness of measure that pervades all its registers; the result being extreme delicacy of intonation, whereby the instrument approximates to the character of the chamber rather than the church organ. The compass of the swell being uniform with that of the great organ, and not made, as is usually the case, in organs of this (the secondary) class, minus the lower octave, all must approve.

The mere circumstance of erecting an organ in a church, is, in itself, now regarded as a matter of little import; but, in this instance—the place considered—the matter becomes invested with more than ordinary interest; the adaption of the use of the instrument in divine service by Dissenters, being an innovation breaking through one of the fundamental rules governing their observances. But during the last twenty years a great change of feeling in respect to the prohibition of instrumental music, in their worship, has come over all classes of Non-conformists; numbers of the larger congregations in the Wesleyan, Baptist, and Independent interest having, during that period, set up organs in their churches; and, although the particular event now under consideration can scarcely be regarded as among the earliest examples, yet, from the high position of this church, it is calculated to exercise considerable influence in the way of giving an impulse to the movement. As an instance of this, may be mentioned the fact that a large congregation—the same sect—meeting in a beautiful edifice in Westminster proper, have already imitated the example of their friends in the more northerly portion of that city, by just having resolved upon furnishing their chapel with an organ. Probably, the day is not far distant when the Dissenting chapel without its organ will be seen the exception, not the rule.

As regards the Presbyterian church, too, whose discipline still now positively forbids the use of instrumental music, the feeling in favour of the employment of the organ has taken root, a circumstance which all the admonitions of its heads have been unable to suppress, many large congregations in the northern counties having recently erected organs in the churches. In the sittings of the English Presbyterian Synod, recently held at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, measures were sought to be passed for silencing the instruments in use in their congregations, when the Synod being about equally divided in opinion on the subject, and a disruption in their church threatened in case a mandate against the further use of the organ in divine service were attempted to be enforced, a compromise was agreed upon between the contending parties, wherein permission was accorded for the use of the instrument by such congregations as had already got them, "but the erection of no others to be sanctioned under any pretence." It is thought, however, that this resolve of their heads will have but temporary influence in checking the growing desire on the part of the worshippers of this church that the praises they sing shall be harmonised.

The now general cultivation of the practice of music by the middle classes that distinguishes the present generation, is doubtless the cause to which is attributable the enlistment of the aid of the organ into the religious services of the dissenters, that is now taking place. And the same circumstance has also had its influence on the congregational psalmody of their worship. Thus the rude and dissonant style formerly characterising the singing in some chapels, and the nasal puritanical tone disfiguring it in others, have become pretty well reformed. The spurious tunes heretofore prevalent have been abandoned, and genuine tunes of ecclesiastical character substituted. In many places choirs have been established, part singing cultivated, and much additional music—including the use of the chant—introduced; though most of these changes, by the way, are, according to the history of church music, innovations on the tenets of the founders of Nonconformity equally with that of the employment of the organ.

55, Regent-street, 12th June, 1857.

I am, sir, &c., &c., &c.,  
F. C.

MADAME OURY'S MATINEE MUSICALE will take place at Lady Vassall's residence, Roehampton, on the 24th instant.

FANCY BALLS AT A DISCOUNT.—Another of those half measures, which are of little use, save to establish our reputation for inconsistency as a people, has just taken place in aid of the Academy of Music—we mean another fancy ball. Does not this indirect patronage indicate that the time is come at which the care of music, in some form or other, might be as fairly propounded to government as the promotion of painting?—*Manchester Advertiser*.

## MUSICAL LETTERS BY FERDINAND HILLER.

### I.

#### THE MUSICAL FESTIVAL AT AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

##### THE CONDUCTOR—THE CHORUS—THE ORCHESTRA.

You have expressed a wish, my dear Du Mont, to have a notice from my pen, of the Musical Festival, this year, at Aix-la-Chapelle, as Professor Bischoff is obliged to absent himself, for the purpose of spending a few weeks in London, with the Cologne *Männergesang-Verein*. I can hardly say that I place myself at your service so readily in this instance as I usually do. Richard Wagner may be right, when, in a letter on Liszt's compositions, he gives it as his opinion that a kind of heroic courage is necessary to praise a friend—but it is more disagreeable, in my opinion, to find fault with one, and I fear that I shall be obliged to do this more than once on the present occasion. I do not pay the slightest attention to the fact that the position which many are inclined to impute to me with regard to the Musical Festival at Aix-la-Chapelle, exposes me, in any notice of it, to suspicions of various kinds, for, frankly speaking, this is a circumstance about which I do not in the least trouble my head. I keep sight of two things only—to oblige you, and to express clearly and frankly my conviction—whatever motives this or that individual may impute to me are perfectly immaterial.

But I am speaking at far too great a length of myself, for who is not fond of busying himself with so dear an object as that blessed "I"? I tear myself, however, violently from myself, and transport you, with the rapidity of the electric telegraph, to the fine Theater-Platz, at Aix-la-Chapelle, where even at an early hour of the morning there reigns a lively commotion, and where a Rhenish musician or musical amateur runs against so many well-known faces that he scarcely knows in what department or province he really is. Every one is streaming to the first general rehearsal—the first skirmish of a military action is about to commence; it will last longer than the greatest national battles—five days. Let us, first of all, take a general view of the commander, the troops, the ground, the position of affairs, etc., etc.

The staff of musical Field-Marshal was confided to Liszt. It would hardly been possible to find an artistic individual of greater reputation, an individual more calculated to interest the public, or to impart, at once, a certain brilliancy to the festival. Apart from the colossal reputation Liszt has gained as a virtuoso, his sparkling, energetic nature, his bizarre ways, and his amiability,—in a word, his whole organisation have always possessed a very great charm for every one, especially for the female world. Departing youth and whitening hair seem destined not to diminish his magic power. In addition to this, we have Liszt's position, a position, in its way, really influential; *à la cour comme à la ville*, among musicians and critics, in the literary, artistic, and theatrical world;—every where, in fact, is Liszt at home, every where has he patrons, and friends ready to do him a service.

All this is very well, but while, on the one hand it is more than necessary, it is, on the other, not sufficient. "Pour faire un civet de lièvre," says the French cookery-book, "prenez un lièvre"—for the conductor of a musical festival we require a conductor—now is Liszt a conductor?

It so happened that I had never seen Liszt conduct, and I had heard such contradictory statements on the subject that my curiosity, to be frank, was excited to the highest pitch. At present, that I have heard him, in five grand rehearsals, and three grand concerts, superintend and produce musical compositions of the most different kinds, I have arrived at the conclusion that Liszt is not a conductor—at least, not a conductor when compared to the task he has imposed on himself, or compared to what we are justified in expecting from a man like him. In a sort of a prefatory notice which he has prefixed to the scores of his *Symphonische Dichtungen* he protests, with justice, against the "mechanical, tact-true, disjointed up and down mode of playing still usual in certain places." There is, certainly, nothing more fatal than the spiritless hurdy-gurdying of a piece of music—



and without intellectual conception the most precise execution is not worth a dump. But it must, on the other hand, be admitted that the greatest possible exactness in playing together is the basis on which a spirited performance must, so to speak, be built, and we are justified in demanding that this exactitude shall be effected by the manner in which the conductor performs his duty. Moreover, the conductor, even when he does not wish to confine himself strictly to one tempo, ought from the very first note plainly to give each different measure. Lastly, a fine performance does not consist exclusively in a certain degree of spirit, easily communicated from the soul of the conductor to the executants, but requires, also, a graceful, careful, and really musical attention to all the details. On this last point especially, Liszt has expressed himself admirably in the prefatory notice above mentioned (although, strange to say, only in the French version of it), when he calls upon conductors, at one time, to maintain the balance between the instruments, and, at another, to bring forward separate organs or groups; in one place to give prominence to a note, in another to a short phrase, etc., etc. We have long known all this, but it could do no harm to print it once again. Would that Liszt acted as he speaks!

But we have other claims, in many respects of a higher nature, on a conductor. Although he may, to a certain extent, be shackled by circumstances, he ought, in the arrangement of the programme of a concert, to go to work with prudence and good taste; he should make allowance for the existing state of things, and endeavour to turn them to the best account. He should, lastly, as far as possible, allow his own personal musical sympathies and antipathies to remain in the background; and although we cannot blame him for allowing, in some cases, his partiality for certain works to appear, he ought not, under any circumstances, to manifest an indifference for others, unless he would prejudice himself and the task he has to accomplish. We may here apply the old saying: "Was Du nicht willst dass dir geschicht, das thu auch keinem Andern nicht."\*

I cannot help now saying, that, at least in Aix-la-Chapelle, Liszt has not displayed any of the above qualities; but I reserve a detailed proof until I come to the details themselves.

The musical army placed under Liszt's command, still to keep up my former comparison, was an admirable one. We know that in reckoning troops, as well as in calculating budgets, some slight liberties are taken with figures, and we will, therefore, not investigate closely whether there were really 566 performers, or whether the sopranos were 91 and the altos 88 voices strong—this is, after all, unimportant. The chorus and the orchestra were excellent, and as well adapted to each other and to the place as was possible under such difficult circumstances. The chorus was most sonorous; and if the basses and sopranos were rather more prominent than they should have been, the tenors were fresh and pleasing, and the altos full, although not always powerful enough. Aix-la-Chapelle appears to be rich in beautiful voices, a fact manifested, also, on some other occasions. Herr von Turanyi, who, as you know, is musical director in Aix-la-Chapelle, had, by a conscientious course of instruction, admirably prepared the chorus for the conductor of the festival, and seeing that, as a general rule, great vocal works are less frequently performed in Aix-la-Chapelle than in other towns of the Rhine-Province, his exertions in this particular are more praiseworthy. The orchestra, in which there were about a dozen Belgian musicians, consisted mostly of Rhinelanders. Liszt had, however, brought with him some of his best men from Weimar, and some excellent musicians were, likewise, collected from a few other ducal chapels. The stringed quartet was splendid, the violins were brilliant, the violoncellos rich and full, and the basses powerful and energetic; the viols, however, might have been stronger. The wind-instruments, too, were very good, and their tone, generally, pure; some of the wood soloists may fairly be termed splendid, but the brass was not always quite steady. Nowhere, however, was there any material deficiency perceptible.

\* Never do to another anything which you would not have happen to yourself.

The ground, the charming theatre at Aix-la-Chapelle, is, doubtless, known to most of the readers of your paper. It possesses the advantage of being extraordinarily sonorous; and, although you hear equally well in almost every place, you still hear better in some places than in others. The only thing is, that it is too small for the increased proportions our musical festivals are assuming, and the growing interest the public take in them. The number of spectators it can contain is not much more than double the number of the executants. This would be a perfectly unnatural proportion, did not the significance of the festival consist at least as much in the assemblage of the great mass of musicians and dilettanti concerned, as in the number of those who come for mere passive enjoyment. The almost perpendicular arrangement of the places on the stage, which is anything but too wide, affords a very fresh and lively spectacle, and, generally, proves very favorable for effect.

For the vocal solos the services of Mdle. Meier, of Vienna, Herr Schneider, of Leipsic, Herr Dalle Aste, of Darmstadt, young Göbbels, of Aix-la-Chapelle, and a fair and highly accomplished amateur of Amsterdam, had been secured. The place of Mdle. Meier, who was prevented, by indisposition, from appearing, was supplied by Mdle. Milde, of the Ducal theatre, Weimar—a brilliant acquisition. Although among all these artists there was not one with a European reputation—no "star," as the English say—we were justified, from what was said of some and about others, in hoping the best. In addition to this, we had fine weather—cooled down a little by some showers—together with all the love of life and adventure, the freshness and good humour which the "*liebliches Fest*" always brings with it in the Rhine Provinces. Your Cologne friends in Aix-la-Chapelle frequently thought of you, as did most frequently of all, yours truly,

FERDINAND HILLER.

#### LETTER FROM M. FÉTIS. TO M. DE GLIMES.

Brussels, 20th May, 1857.

MY DEAR DE GLIMES,—At the eve of your departure for London, permit me once more to have recourse to your kindness, in order to obtain from the distinguished artists of that capital the information necessary to me for the compilation of the notices which must find a place in the *Biographie Universelle des Musiciens*. You are aware that Messrs. Firmin Didot, Brothers, of Paris, are now beginning to print this important work; it would be a pity that, in a book written with all the care of which I am capable, there should not be complete and accurate notices of men of talent such as Messrs. Sterndale Bennett, Macfarren, Leslie, C. E. Horsley, Wallace, Molique, Sainton, Piatti, and Costa (I say nothing of Mr. Balfe, because a detailed notice of him has appeared in the *Musical World*), as well as of learned musicians such as Messrs. Rimbault, W. Hawes, W. Horsley, E. J. Hopkins, E. Taylor, and others whose names do not at present occur to me; it would be a pity, I say, that these gentlemen should not be mentioned except with inexactitude in my work. I should afterwards be reproached for this. But, after all, facts cannot be guessed or invented.

Let then your friendship for your old master, my dear De Glimes, exert itself to induce the honourable artists and gentlemen I have named to cast off an exaggerated reserve or carelessness, for which they have no justification, because, by their works, they belong to the history of Art.

There are, no doubt, in England, many other names which deserve to be particularly mentioned, but, on account of my non-residence in the country, I have not been able to become acquainted with them.

Believe me, my dear De Glimes, yours most truly,

FÉTIS.

WARE.—An Amateur Concert was given at the Town Hall, on Monday evening last, for the benefit of the Mechanics' Institution. The performance was honored by a very select audience. The choruses were sung by the Misses Birt and Dean, and Messrs. Gieby, Cobham, C. T. Cobham and Lilley. Mozart's 16th symphony was played by the Misses Birt, and "Ah, che la morte," sung by Mr. C. T. Cobham, received an encore.

**THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.**—This evening, *THE HUSBAND OF AN HOUR*; *THE FIRST AND SECOND FLOOR*; with *ATALANTA*. Mr. Buckstone's benefit will take place next Wednesday. Commence at 7.

**THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.**—This evening, Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams will appear in *IRELAND AS IT IS*; *LATEST FROM NEW YORK*; and *IRISH ASSURANCE* and *YANKEE MODESTY*. On Monday next a new drama, called *THE FAIRY CIRCLE*, will be produced. Commence at 7.

**ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.**—This evening, *THE TEMPEST*; preceded by *A GAME AT ROMPS*. Commence at 7.

**ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.**—This evening, *ALL IN THE WRONG*; and the new burlesque, *MASANIELLO*. Commence at half-past 7.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. ALBERT SCHLOSS is requested to address whatever communications he may in future have to make to the Musical World, to the EDITOR, at the Office, No. 28, Holles-street, and not to private individuals whom he (Mr. Albert Schloss) may presume to be in connection with the journal. The Editor of the Musical World does not require to be instructed by Mr. Schloss, or by any one else, about the position and merits of Herr Marschner.

### THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 4TH, 1857.

HERR MARSCHNER is in London, for the first time, if we are not mistaken, or at least for the first time since his *Vampyr* was performed at the Lyceum Theatre—then called the English Opera.

The visit of such a man, late as it occurs in the season—too late, unfortunately for our Philharmonic Societies, old or new, to do him honour—should not be passed over without marked recognition. There are too few sane musicians now-a-days for us not to make the best of those who still live and write. Marschner, like his friend Hiller, is a staunch hater of the "*Zukunft*" and all its rhodomontade; and since, even in plain-spoken England, the enemies of art are not without adherents, all who love music and detest charlatanry should unite in giving him a welcome.

The system, which prevails in an alarming measure at Leipsic, Weimar, and other places, is beginning to take root in some parts of London, hitherto unafflicted by such influence. When Madame Pleyel, during one of her professional visits to England, was asked if she would make her first appearance at the Musical Union, she caustically replied, "*Non, je ne veux pas débiter dans un coin.*" It is in this corner, however, that the greatest clamor is made on behalf of music that is *not* music, and of art that is sheer humbug. The attempt made in this corner to persuade the world that Herr Rubinstein is the greatest composer since Mendelssohn, would be unworthy notice but for the acrimony with which it is sustained, and the vulgar aspersions levelled against all honest critics who decline to kneel before the golden calf, set up within the precincts of Almack's, by the greatest calf that ever governed the proceedings of a musical institution.

But to leave the corner (where happily alone in England the worship of Dagon is inculcated, and where, some fine day, the false idol will tumble about the ears of its chief apostle), Heinrich Marschner—composer of the *Vampyr*, the *Templar and Jewess*, *Hans Heiling*, and other operas of distinguished merit, director of music at the Theatre of Hanover, and Kapellmeister to his Hanoverian Majesty, the cousin of our gracious Queen—is in London; and both

professors and amateurs should be made aware of the fact. English musicians ought to organise a reception for the eminent foreigner. There is something in doing honor to a man who has devoted his talent with zeal and conscientiousness to glorify the beautiful art of which he is a follower, instead of degrading it by quackery and assumption, as is too frequently the case now, when would-be composers, thinking the last thing necessary is to learn the rudiments of harmony, favor the world with the combined result of their temerity and want of knowledge in shapeless and monstrous effusions. If not a genius of the first rank, Marschner is a thorough musician, and holds up his head proudly against the missiles that assail him, and all honest workers, from the retreats and strongholds of the impostors. He is one of the few remaining champions of genuine art. Like a true German of the school which the great dramatic composers have made illustrious by their works, he holds out with unabated courage against the infidels and scorners that would abase music to their own level, and unflinchingly advocates the righteous side. Such a man deserves honor, and if some demonstration is not got up during his stay in England, to mark the sense entertained of his merit by the lovers of music in this country, a good opportunity will be lost. Marschner is no common man, and the cause he fights for is no common cause.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S "reading" of the *Christmas Carol* at St. Martin's Hall, on Tuesday last, was just what a "reading" should be. He did not try to do the actor's work, and thereby render himself a mimic—grunting to denote one sex, and squeaking to represent the other, but he varied his voice sufficiently to indicate the appearance of new speakers on the imaginary scene, and he entered thoroughly into the sentiments of all. The skill with which he brought out the various points of his book, both in the narrative and conversational portions, was truly wonderful,—and we will wager that many a man, who had read the *Christmas Carol* over and over again, never knew, till Tuesday evening, the whole nature of its contents. This is just what a "reading" should be. Why, when we can sit with a book by our own fire, or on our own balcony (according to the weather), are we to hurry off to an inconvenient room, that we may hear an orator read the very book that we have left behind, without deriving a single new thought or feeling from his elocution? Now Mr. Charles Dickens gives us something that we do not get by reading the *Christmas Carol* at home; he reveals subtleties of humour that we did not suspect; he diffuses over the whole story a general tone that is unattainable by the aid of mere black and white. Moreover, what is more important, he reveals to us the spirit that dictated the *Christmas Carol*.

Those miserable beings who were not at St. Martin's Hall on Tuesday last, will perhaps imagine that a gentleman reading with unfeigned delight his own published volume, must be an unseemly egotistical sort of spectacle. Let us hasten to remove the error. The joy with which Mr. Dickens narrates the conversion of Scrooge, the unction with which he plunges into the details of the Christmas dinner, do not signify the pride that an author takes in the production of his brain; but they show the constitution of the mind to which the book owes its origin. Mr. Dickens is not on such admirable terms with Bob Cratchit and his family because they emanated from his pen, but it was because he had such a hearty sympathy with the Cratchits of actual life, and with all their little joys and sorrows, that his pen went to



work at all. They were objects of his affection long before he thought of bringing them together into a "Christmas book," and now he regards them once more with renewed affection. It is not at the *Christmas Carol*, but through the *Christmas Carol* that Mr. Charles Dickens is looking, while he seems so happy upon his platform.

And there was one spectacle that we liked even better than that of Mr. Charles Dickens. We liked to see the admiration with which the occupants of the cheap seats of the gallery looked upon the man, who, above all others, has manifested his genius in exhibitions of strong feeling for the humbler classes. He is not the champion of the masses, like the deceased wit in whose remembrance the "reading" of Tuesday took place, but he shows a familiarity with their social condition, and a hearty appreciation of their domestic interests that has never been displayed by any other author. Charles Dickens is the "literary man" of the people—the veritable "cricket on the hearth," whose utterances awaken a thousand simple sympathies in the dwellings of the humble, while they elicit the admiration of the most aristocratic readers. He is not the mere demagogue, but the "man of the people" in a high place, and maintaining himself in that place with dignity. Well did he merit the burst of enthusiasm with which he was greeted on Tuesday night, and sincerely shall we be delighted if we learn that some one belonging to the staff of the *Saturday Review* was present in St. Martin's Hall to hear it.

In consequence of its great success, Mr. Charles Dickens's "reading" will be repeated on the 24th instant—still, of course, for the benefit of the "Jerrold Fund."

#### PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

(From *The Times*.)

THE sixth and last concert of the season, which took place on Monday evening, was one of the very best, both with regard to selection and performance. The programme was as follows:—

##### PART I.

Sinfonia (Jupiter) ... ..	Mozart.
Aria, Miss Louisa Pyne, with two flutes obligati,	} Meyerbeer.
Mr. R. S. Pratten and Mr. E. Card ...	
Concerto, violin, Mr. Cooper ... ..	Beethoven.
Romance, Miss Dolby, "Parmi les pleurs" (Les	} Meyerbeer.
Huguenots) ... ..	
Overture (Leonora) ... ..	Beethoven.

##### PART II.

Sinfonia in E flat ... ..	Spohr.
Recit. and aria, "D'amor sull' ali roseo, Miss	} Verdi.
Louisa Pyne (Il Trovatore) ... ..	
Solo, pianoforte, Madame Clara Schumann (17	} Mendelssohn.
Variations Sérieuses) ... ..	
Duet, "E ben, per mia memoria," Miss Louisa	} Rossini.
Pyne and Miss Dolby ... ..	
Overture (Oberon) ... ..	Weber.
Conductor - Professor Sterndale Bennett.	

The great symphony in C of Mozart (No. 6) has seldom been more admirably played; while that of Spohr—the first of a noble series of orchestral masterpieces, scarcely estimated at their proper worth, even by those most entitled to adjudicate in matters of art—was equally well performed, and afforded all the more pleasure on account of the rarity of its appearance in our public concert bills. The two overtures, both splendidly executed, gave equal satisfaction. In short, this concert confirmed all that has been recently said about the restoration of the Philharmonic Society to the high position it had occupied for many years among the greatest musical institutions of Europe, and which it was on the point of forfeiting, when the happy idea of engaging Professor Sterndale Bennett as conductor was suggested and decided on in committee.

The doctrine of putting the right man in the right place was

never more triumphantly ratified. Professor Bennett, the most eminent English musician of his time, was probably the only man possessed of sufficient name and influence to act as a substitute for Mr. Costa (who resigned in 1855), and to counteract the pernicious example which had been set by Herr Richard Wagner, Mr. Costa's immediate successor. Thanks to our distinguished countryman, the band of the Philharmonic Society has regained all its former efficiency, and may once more take its stand against any of the noted continental orchestras that have won the admiration of amateurs who believe that anything foreign must be good and anything of home growth mediocre. Whoever was not satisfied with the performance of the symphonies and overtures on the present occasion must have been very difficult to please. The audience generally was more than satisfied, and their gratification was expressed in the loudest applause.

Mr. H. C. Cooper performed Beethoven's concerto—one of the most difficult works ever composed for the violin—with wonderful skill, and was rewarded with the heartiest manifestations of approval. It is much to be lamented that so thoroughly accomplished a player should find it necessary to emigrate to the United States, which, we understand, is Mr. Cooper's intention within a very short period. We cannot boast of so many violinists of the first class as to be able to part with such an artist without regret. He could not, however, have bid adieu to his native land under more flattering auspices. While Mr. Cooper is bent upon his American trip we have to chronicle the return from the western hemisphere of one who, in her way, has acquired and merited no less distinction. Miss Louisa Pyne has amassed, we believe, a considerable quantity of dollars in the "States," but that she has not been idle in the cultivation of her art was fully shewn by her execution of the difficult scene from Meyerbeer's *Camp of Silesia*, which Jenny Lind was the first to make famous in this country, and Madame Bosio, in the Royal Italian Opera version of the *Etoile du Nord*, rendered still more familiar. The quality of Miss Pyne's voice has rather improved than deteriorated, and her vocalisation is remarkable for the same ease and brilliancy which had gained her so high a reputation before she quitted England. The flute *obbligati* parts were extremely well played by Messrs. R. Pratten and E. Card. Miss Dolby, the other singer, gave the air of Valentine with exquisite sentiment and propriety, while the two ladies together sang their very best in the duet from *La Gazza Ladra*.

Madame Clara Schumann played the variations of Mendelssohn—which she introduced last year, at the same concerts, on the occasion of her first appearance in England—superbly, and was applauded with enthusiasm.

A more effective "finale" to the season could not have been desired; and the loud and unanimous plaudits that greeted Professor Bennett when he quitted the orchestra emphatically declared the public appreciation of his services. The Philharmonic Society may fairly be said to be "on its legs" again.

#### LIDEL—NOT PIATTI.

To the Editor of the *Musical World*.

SIR,—I should feel much obliged if you will have my name put in the *Musical World*, as having played at Herr Molique's concert, and not Signor Piatti's.

I remain, dear Sir, your's faithfully,  
JOS. LIDEL.

DR. HEINRICH MARSCHNER, the celebrated dramatic composer, and his wife, a singer of high reputation in Germany, are in London, on a short visit.

MR. CHARLES MEEKING.—It is our melancholy duty to record the death of Mr. Charles Meeking, late a student at the Royal Academy of Music. He was specially commended in the competition for the King's Scholarship last Christmas, and was one of the finest pianists in the institution. His unostentatious and gentlemanly demeanour gained the esteem of all who knew him, and his death is deeply deplored by his instructors and fellow students, by whom he was greatly beloved.—*Englishwoman's Review*.—[Mr. Charles Meeking was a favourite pupil of Professor Bennett.—Ed.]

## CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

The weakest concert of the series was the seventh, given on Friday, June 26th, as will be seen from the following programme:—

PART I.			
Overture, <i>Jessonda</i> ... ..	Spohr.		
Cavatina, "Ernani involami," Mdlle. Parepa ... ..	Verdi.		
Duo, "Il rival," Herr Formes and Sig. Graziani ... ..	Bellini.		
Aria, "Robert, toi que j'aime," Mdlle. Rosa Devries ... ..	Meyerbeer.		
Madrigal, "I saw lovely Phillis" ... ..	Pearsall.		
Duo, "Eben, per mia memoria," Mesdames Grisi and Didiée ... ..	Rossini.		
Romanza, "Angiol d'Amore," Sig. Mario ... ..	Donizetti.		
Finale, "Maffio Orsini" (Lucrezia Borgia) ... ..	Donizetti.		
PART II.			
Overture, (Oberon) ... ..	Weber.		
Cavatina, "Qui la voce," Mad. Grisi ... ..	Bellini.		
Duo, "Quanto amore," Mad. Bosio and Sig. Ronconi ... ..	Donizetti.		
Aria e Coro, "Possenti numi," Herr Formes and Chorus ... ..	Mozart.		
Duo, "Un tenore core," Mad. Grisi and Sig. Mario ... ..	Donizetti.		
Brindisi, "Il segreto per esser," Mad. Didiée ... ..	Donizetti.		
Aria, "Alma soave," Sig. Neri Baraldi ... ..	Donizetti.		
Finale, "De quale santa" ... ..	Donizetti.		

The second part lost all interest by being devoted to selections—and those of the most hackneyed kind—from the works of Donizetti. The author of such charming operas as *L'Elisir d'Amore*, *La Figlia del Reggimento*, etc., etc., is not celebrated for his finales; and yet, in an important concert like that at the Crystal Palace, on Friday week, we find each part concluding with a finale from one of his works. This is not employing the band, chorus, and principals of the Royal Italian Opera to the best advantage.

## MADAME SCHUMANN'S MATINÉE.

An audience composed of rank and fashion, professors and amateurs, assembled on Saturday morning in the Hanover-square Rooms to hear Madame Clara Schumann perform a variety of pieces on the pianoforte. It was announced as the only concert which could be given this season by the eminent artist on her own account, which, doubtless, was one reason why so large an attendance congregated on so very hot a day. The following was the selection played by Madame Schumann:—

Sonata, C Minor (Op. 30), Pianoforte and Violin—	
Violin, Herr Ernst ... ..	Beethoven.
Preludium and Fuga, A Minor ... ..	Bach.
Nocturne, B Major ... ..	Chopin.
Preludium, E Minor; Caprice, E Major ... ..	Mendelssohn.
Andante, A Minor (Op. 71) ... ..	Mozart.
Seventh Suite—Overture, Sarabande, Passacaille ... ..	Handel.
Andante and Finale, à la Hongroise, Pianoforte and Violin—Violin, Herr Ernst ... ..	Haydn.

Ernst was in his best play, and the sonata went admirably. The slow movement was exquisitely given by both artists, but the great German violinist especially shone in expression and poetic sentiments. Bach's Prelude and Fugue in A minor was Madame Schumann's finest performance. It was, perhaps, taken too fast; but the execution, considering the mechanical difficulties it presents, was extraordinary. Chopin's *Nocturne* displayed the style of the Leipzig pianist to less advantage. Such vapourish music is not suited to her manner. Mendelssohn's Prelude was again too quick, and occasionally wanted clearness for that reason. The *Caprice*, delightfully played, left nothing to be desired. In Mozart's *Andante* (a rondo of infinite beauty), Madame Schumann again somewhat injured the effect of her performance, by unduly accelerating the "tempo." Handel's *Suite* produced little effect, except in the instance of the *Sarabande*, which was played with admirable propriety. Haydn's two movements were both faultlessly given, the animated *finale* terminating the concert with unusual éclat.

Two vocal pieces were sung by Madame Clara Novello—Mozart's beautiful "Das Veitchen," and a new aria, written on the Italian model, by Sig. Vera, called "Se fido à me;" and Miss Stabbach sang Beethoven's "Ah! perfido," with pianoforte accompaniment.

## CONCERTS.

MADAME ANICHINI gave her annual morning concert on Monday, the 22nd ultimo, at Campden House, Kensington, the residence of Mr. Woolley. This entertainment is amongst the most agreeable given during the season in London, and comprises other enjoyments besides those derived from music. The house is quaintly furnished, and contains rare articles of *vertu* and some fine old paintings. The grounds are spacious, and laid out with exceeding taste; so that he who may not be greatly addicted to Mozart or Rossini, may feed his liking with sights of an invaluable work by Benvenuto Cellini, or a Marie Stuart by —, or, if sadly inclined, may roam among the trees and hear the mavis defying the blackbird in song, or mark the butterflies chasing each other over dense beds of rhododendra. Madame Anichini, who, as all the world knows, is a very accomplished singer, provided a programme of great length, and was assisted by no less than twenty artists, vocal, instrumental, and conducting. There was also the band of the Italian Legion, which played the most popular *morceaux* of the day, before and after the concert, on the lawn. It is needless to enter into particulars of the performance in the pretty little theatre within doors, which has acquired a metropolitan celebrity from amateur theatricals. The entertainment gave unqualified pleasure to those aristocratic patrons of Madame Anichini who honored Campden House with a visit, on Monday the 22nd.

THE LONDON HARMONIC UNION gave a concert on Tuesday evening, the 30th ult., in Sussex Hall, Leadenhall-street. The vocalists were Misses Anne Cox, Pownall, and Landergan, Messrs. R. Hall, C. Birks, and Walworth; instrumentalists—pianoforte, Mdlle. Regina Nachmann; violin, Master Bettjeman. Mr. Turner conducted.

MADAME CELLI, widow of the late Baron Celli, gave a *Matinée Musicale* on Saturday last, in the New Beethoven Rooms, Queen Anne-street. The artists were Mesdames Rudersdorff, Stabbach, and Dolby, Messrs. Charles Braham, Allan Irving, and Gassier, vocalists; and Sig. Andreoli (piano), Miss Chatterton (harp), M. Paque (violoncello), Herr Deichmann (violin), and Herr Engel (harmonium), instrumentalists.

Mr. JACQUES BLUMENTHAL's annual *Matinée Musicale* took place on Thursday, the 25th ultimo, at the Dudley Gallery, Egyptian Hall, by permission of Lord Ward, whose kindness in giving the use of his magnificent gallery to artists is universal. The entertainment was remarkable for introducing Miss Louisa Pyne for the first time to the London public since her return from America. Miss Pyne sang two solos, and took part in two duets and a trio. Her most successful effort was in the *Scitienne*, "Merci, jeunes amies," from the *Vépres Siciliennes*, which she executed with great brilliancy and facility. There was a large attendance of fashionables.

The following day M. JULES LEFORT also gave an annual *Matinée Musicale* at the Dudley Gallery, of course, by kind permission of Lord Ward. The concert was remarkable for having no less than four conductors—Messrs. Benedict, Jules de Glimès, Fiori, and Leymeyer.

MADAME BASSANO and HERR WILHELM KUHE gave their Annual Morning Concert at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Monday. This was a lengthy affair, comprising no less than twenty-eight *morceaux*, certainly double the number which would have sufficed for a single entertainment at so fashionable a locality as the Queen's Concert Rooms. The attraction, however, did not lie in the longitudinality of the programme, so much as in the powerful vocal corps, which included several names of the highest eminence, and the popular character of the pieces set down. Mr. Sims Reeves sang "Come into the garden, Maud"—the favorite song of the day, and "Adelaida"—need we say how? Madame Clara Novello, among other things, gave the new *romanza* written for her by Signor Vera, which she had already conferred on the public ear, the previous Saturday, at Madame Schumann's *Matinée*; Herr Reichardt introduced a new *ballade* by Hector Berlioz, entitled "Le Pecheur," from a lyric monodrama, *Lelio*, written for the stage; Mad. Bassano gave Gluck's grand scena, "Che farò?" and Mdlle. Hertha de Westerstrand sang a cavatina from Donizetti's *Anna Bolena*. These were the noticeable points of the vocal selection. In the instrumental

part we have only room to specify Beethoven's sonata in G, for piano and violin, exceedingly well played by Herr Kùhe and Herr Deichmann, and two songs without words of Mendelssohn, by Herr Kùhe.

MAD. LEMMENS SHERRINGTON and M. LEMMENS gave a *Matinée Musicale*—why not *Morning Concert*, on English ground!—at somebody's private residence, No. 7, Hyde-park-street, by kind permission, on Monday last. Mad. Lemmens Sherrington was Miss Sherrington a short time since. She came like a meteor from Belgium, blazed in St. Martin's Hall, and got married in a memorable hurry. Of course her husband was satisfied. We mildly suggest, she should have remained a "rose undistilled" for at least two years longer. The lucky M. Lemmens is pianiste to the King of the Belgians, first organist at Court, and professor of the Royal Conservatoire of Brussels. The private rooms were thronged, and Mad. Lemmens sang so charmingly as to absorb all the interest and take away all the applause. Nevertheless, the concert was a good concert of its parts.

On Thursday week, a *soirée musicale* was given at the Beethoven Rooms, by Mdme. HENRIE and Miss STEVENSON. The selection was short and pleasing, and the attendance was numerous and fashionable. Mdme. Henrie sang, in a style peculiarly her own, "Ah! mon fils," also "Scenes of my youth," and was encored in Randegger's "Round the corner waiting." Miss Stevenson is a pianist of more than ordinary pretensions. She was a pupil of Moscheles. She played Mendelssohn's *capriccio* in B flat minor, and Beethoven's sonata in C minor for flute and violin, with Mr. Kettenus, besides two characteristic pieces—the *Nursery Tale* by Moscheles, and Tedesco's *Amour Impetueux*. Miss Katharine Smith sang a MS. song, composed expressly for her by Marie Louisa Victorine, and took a part in the duet from *Ernani*, "Qui mi trasse," with Mr. Allan Irving. This young lady should be heard oftener. The great novelty of the evening was Mdle. Kull, a very young lady of 15 years, who played on the violoncello with great taste, skill, and expression. She is a Swiss, and has studied the violoncello only four years.

#### PRINCESS'S.

As far as conception goes, Mr. Kean's "revival" of the *Tempest* will compete with any of those grand spectacles with which he has hitherto delighted the public. Were not the grown-up figure of Ariel endeared to us by its association with Miss P. Horton, we should commend with enthusiasm his choice of a juvenile actress (Miss Kate Terry) as the visible representative of the spirit, content to hear the voice of Miss Poole behind the scenes till she makes herself manifest in the character of Juno. All that belongs to the mechanical management of Ariel is admirable. Never before did he fly so fast, or start out of so many nooks, or shine with such a brilliant lustre—and beautiful is his appearance, when, at the end of the whole piece, he remains as the only visible object besides the sky and the sea.

Also we think highly of the banquet of fruit which Prospero offers to his usurping brother and the King of Naples,—and agree with the reasoning on the fly-leaf of the bills, according to which the introduction of the classical harpy, as the destroyer of the feast, justifies the definition of the "strange shapes" as antique nymphs and satyrs. An huge hole in the middle of the stage with a table rising out of it is not in our eyes a picturesque object, and therefore when the nymphs crowd all the baskets together, and thus convert themselves into a pretty piece of human upholstery, we are gratified not a little.

In fact, there are some very fine "effects" in this new *Tempest*, and when Mr. Kean, as Prospero, takes his leave of us, on the deck of the ship, which, *au reste*, has been very elaborately wrecked in the first scene, we think of these things, and gratefully wish him a prosperous voyage. Nevertheless, when we emerge from the theatre, and the clock over the door tells us that midnight has past for some time, we begin to think that a great deal of time has been expended in mechanical contrivances, and that the impression made by the drama, as a whole, has been consequently weakened. Moreover, we remark, that in some instances the result has not corresponded to the magni-

tude of the preparation. Mr. Kean has taught us to expect nothing short of absolute perfection in the decorative department of the Princess's Theatre, and if we are too fastidious, his own genius is to blame.

#### SNOBBISH ANALYSES.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—I do not think it probable that the august Director of the Musical Union has ever read Thackeray's "Book of Snobs," nor do I think it possible that, if he were to read, he could be capable of comprehending that glorious work. One passage (in chapter XXV.) would, I fancy, be an admirable example for the next "Analytical Programme." It is as follows:—

"For the performance of the 'Gettin' up stairs,' I have no other name but that it was a *stunner*. First Miss Wirt, with great deliberation, played the original and beautiful melody, cutting it, as it were, out of the instrument, and firing off each note so loud, clear, and sharp, that I am sure Stripes must have heard it in the stable.

"What a finger!" says Mrs. Ponto; and, indeed, it *was* a finger, as knotted as a turkey's drumstick, etc., playing all over the piano. When she had banged out the tune slowly, she began a different manner of 'Gettin' up stairs,' and did so with a fury and swiftness quite incredible. She spun up stairs; she whirled up stairs; she galloped up stairs; she rattled up stairs; and then, having got the tune to the top landing, as it were, she hurled it down again shrieking to the bottom floor, where it sank in a crash, as if exhausted by the breathless rapidity of the descent. Then Miss Wirt played the "Gettin' up stairs" with the most pathetic and ravishing solemnity; plaintive moans and sobs issued from the keys—you wept and trembled as you were gettin' up stairs. Miss Wirt's hands seemed to faint, and wail, and die in variations. Again, and she went up with a savage clang and rush of trumpets, as if Miss Wirt were storming a breach; and although I knew nothing of music, as I sat and listened with my mouth open to this wonderful display, my *caddy* grew cold, and I wondered the windows did not crack and the chandelier start out of the beam at the sound of this earthquake of a piece of music. 'Glorious creature! isn't she?' said Mrs. Ponto. 'Squirtz's favorite pupil,' etc., etc."

Would not the above create a sensation in the "buzzings" of the patchoulied patrons of the "Union?" Why did "the Director" chose this name, by the way? Was it as being a synonyme to "workhouse?" I should think the critics would as lief go to the one as the other. I know that the writer of this "glyph" would, although he can only subscribe himself

A SQUAB PARTY.

#### TO ALL MUSIC PUBLISHERS.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—In your answers to correspondents I wish you would insert an answer to the following. I have composed two Polkas; if I were to offer them for sale how much would you give for them. I am seventeen years old, and composed them last year, and have just written them out. I have played them to a *professional*, and he liked them very much. By inserting an answer to this you will oblige,

Yours respectfully, ALFRED.

We do not invest money in polkas. But when "Alfred" has found a purchaser for his two, we shall be happy to review them and state what they are worth.—[ED. M. W.]

8, ST. PAUL'S ROAD VILLAS, 30th June, 1857.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Underneath I beg to hand you a memorandum of a few errors which appear in last week's portion of your publication of my paper. If you will be kind enough to call attention to the same in a future number, you will greatly oblige yours most obediently,

JOSEPH GODDARD.

In paragraph six, from the commencement of the paper, for "we are more than impressed," read "we are more than *ever* impressed."

In paragraph seven, for "the presentation, description," etc., read "representation," etc.

In paragraph eight, for "choral Art of Music," read "choral *form*," etc.

In paragraph nine, for "the elements and that momentous," read "the elements *of*," etc.

In paragraph seventeen, for "renewing," read "reviewing."



## LE NOZZE DI FIGARO.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—I was rather surprised to notice an article in the *Musical World* of the 27th June, recommending Mr. Lumley to produce *Les Huguenots*, with Mdlle. Piccolomini as Valentine, and Mdlle. Spezia as the Page. Much as every one must admire the former lady in her own line of parts, I should think Valentine quite as unsuited to her talents as Norma, Lucrezia, or Semiramide. I should think *Les Huguenots*, with Mdlle. Spezia as Valentine (whose best character it is, and who achieved an immense success in it at Milan), and Mdlle. Piccolomini as the Page, would answer admirably.

I am, your obedient servant, AN AMATEUR.

## THE OPERA.

BY THOMAS CARLYLE.

MUSIC is well said to be the speech of angels; in fact, nothing among the utterances allowed to man is felt to be so divine. It brings us near to the Infinite; we look for moments across the cloudy elements into the eternal Sea of Light when song leads and inspires us. Serious nations—all nations that can still listen to the mandates of nature—have prized song and music as the highest; as a vehicle for worship, for prophecy, and for whatsoever in them was divine. Their singer was admitted to the council of the universe, friend of the gods, and choicest benefactor to the man. Reader, it was actually so in Greek, in Roman, in Moslem, Christian, most of all in old Hebrew times; and if you look how it is now, you will find a change that should astonish you. Good Heavens! from a psalm of Asaph to a seat at the London opera in the Haymarket—what a road have men travelled? The waste that is made in music is probably among the saddest of all our squanderings of God's gifts. Music has, for a long time past, been avowedly mad, divorced from sense and fact; and runs about now as an open Bedlamite, for a good many generations back, bragging that she has nothing to do with sense and fact, but with fiction and delirium only; and stares with unaffected amazement, not able to suppress an elegant burst of witty laughter, at my suggesting the old fact to her. Fact nevertheless it is; forgotten, and fallen ridiculous as it may be. Tyræus, who had a little music, did not sing Barbers of Seville, but the need of beating back one's country's enemies—a most true song, to which the hearts of men did burst into responsive fiery melody, followed by fiery strokes before long. Sophocles also sang, and showed in grand dramatic rhythm and melody, not a fable but a fact—the best he could interpret it—the judgment of Eternal Deity upon the erring sons of men. Æschylus, Sophocles, all noble poets, were priests as well; and sang the truest (which was also the divinest) they had been privileged to discover here below. To “sing the praise of God;” that you will find, if you can interpret old words, and see what new things they mean, was always, and will always be, the business of the singer. He who forsakes that business, and, wasting our divinest gifts, sings the praise of chaos, what shall we say of him? David, King of Judah, a soul inspired by divine music, and much other heroism, was wont to pour himself in song; he with seer's eye and heart discerned the godlike amid the human, struck tones that were an echo of the sphere harmonies, and are still felt to be such. Reader, art thou one of a thousand-able still to read a Psalm of David and catch some echo out of it through the old dim centuries, feeling far off, in thy own heart, what it once was to other hearts made as thine? To sing it attempt not, for it is impossible in this late time; only know that it was once sung. Then go to the opera, and hear, with unspeakable reflections, what men now sing! Of the Haymarket Opera my account, in fine, is this. Lustres, candelabras, painting, gilding, at discretion; a hall as of the Caliph Alraschid, or him that commanded the slaves of the lamp—a hall as if fitted up by the genii, regardless of expense. Upholstery and the outlay of human capital could do no more. Artists, too, as they are called, have been got together from the ends of the world, regardless likewise of expense, to do dancing and singing, some of them even geniuses in their craft. One singer in particular, called Coletti, or some such name, seemed to me, by the cast of his face, by the tones of his voice, by his general bearing, so far as I could read it, to be a man of deep and ardent sensibilities, of delicate intuitions, great sympathies, originally an almost poetic soul, or man of genius as we term it; stamped by nature as capable of far other work than squalling here like a blind Samson to make the Philistines sport. Nay, all of them had aptitudes, perhaps of a distinguished kind, and must, by their own and other people's labour, have got a training equal or superior in toilsomeness, earnest assiduity, and patient travail, to what breeds men to the most arduous trades. I speak not of kings, grandees, or the like show figures; but few soldiers, judges, men of letters, can have had such pains taken with them. The very ballet girls, with their muslin saucers round them,

were perhaps little short of miraculous, whirling and spinning there in strange, mad vortexes, and then suddenly fixing themselves motionless, each upon her left or right great toe, with the other leg stretched out at an angle of ninety degrees, as if you had suddenly pricked into the floor, by one of their points, a pair, or rather a multitudinous cohort of mad, restlessly jumping, and clipping scissors, and so bidden them rest, with opened blades, and stand still, in the Devil's name! A truly notable motion—marvellous, almost miraculous, were not the people there so used to it; motion peculiar to the opera; perhaps the ugliest, and surely one of the most difficult ever taught a female in this world. Nature abhors it; but art does at least admit it to border on the impossible. One little Cerito, or Taglioni the Second, that night when I was there, went bounding from the floor as if she had been made of India-rubber, or filled with hydrogen gas, and inclined by positive levity to bolt through the ceiling; perhaps neither Semiramis nor Catherine II. had bred herself so carefully. Such talent, and such martyrdom of training, gathered from the four winds, was now here to do its feat and be paid for it—regardless of expense, indeed. The purse of Fortunatus seemed to have opened itself, and the divine art of musical sound and Bhythmic motion was welcomed with an explosion of all the magnificences which the other arts, fine and coarse, could achieve. For you are to think of some Rossini or Bellini in the rear of it, too; to say nothing of the Stanfields, and hosts of scene-painters, machinists, engineers, and enterprisers; fit to have taken Gibraltar, written the history of England, or reduced Ireland into industrial regiments, had they so set their minds to it. Alas! and of all these notable or noticeable human talents, and excellent perseverances, and energies, backed by mountains of wealth, and led by the divine art of music and rhythm, vouchsafed by Heaven to them and us, what was to be the issue here this evening? An hour's amusement, not amusing either, but wearisome and dreary, to a high dized select populace of male and female persons, who seemed to me not much worth amusing. Could any one have pealed into their hearts once, one true thought and glimpse of self-vision: high-dized, most expensive persons, aristocracy so called, or best of the world, beware, beware what proofs you are giving here of betterness and bestness. And then the salutary pang of conscience in reply. “A select populace, with money in its purse, and drilled a little by the posture maker; good Heavens! if that were what, here and everywhere in God's creation, I am. And a world all dying because I am, and show myself to be, and to have long been, even that? John, the carriage—the carriage, swift! Let me go home in silence, to reflection, perhaps to sackcloth and ashes! This, and not amusement, would have profited these persons. Amusement, at any rate, they did not get from Euterpe and Melpomene. These two muses, sent for regardless of expense, I could see, were but the vehicle of a kind of service, which I judged to be Paphian rather. Young beauties of both sexes used their opera-glasses, you could notice, not entirely for looking at the stage. And it must be owned, the light in this explosion of all the upholsteries, and the human fine arts and coarse, was magical, and made your fair one an Armida, if you liked her better so. Nay, certain old improper females (of quality) in their rouge and jewels, even these looked some reminiscence of enchantment, and I saw this and the other lean domestic dandy, with icy smile on his old worn face, this and the other Marquis Singedelomme, Prince Mahogany, or the like foreign dignitary, tripping into the boxes of said females, grinning there awhile, with dyed moustachios, and Macassar oil graciousity, and then tripping out again; and, in fact, I perceived that Coletti and Cerito, and the Bhythmic arts, were a mere accompaniment here. Wonderful to see, and sad, if you had eyes. Do but think of it. Cleopatra threw pearls into her drink, in mere waste, which was reckoned foolish of her. But here had the modern aristocracy of men brought the divinest of its arts, heavenly music itself, and piling all the upholsteries and ingenuities that other human art could do, had lighted them into a bonfire to illuminate an hour's flirtation of Singedelomme, Mahogany, and these improper persons. Never in nature had I seen such waste before. Oh! Coletti, you whose inborn melody, once of kindred as I judged to “the melodies eternal,” might have valiantly weeded out this and the other false thing from the ways of men, and made a bit of God's creation more melodious,—they have purchased you away from that, chained you to the wheel of Prince Mahogany's chariot, and here you make sport for a Macassar Singedelomme, and his improper females, past the prime of life. Wretched, spiritual nigger, oh! if you had some genius, and were not a mere born nigger, with appetite for pumpkin, should you have endured such a lot? I lament for you beyond all other expenses. Other expenses are light; you are the Cleopatra's pearl that should not have been flung into Mahogany's claret cup. And Rossini, too, and Mozart, and Bellini, O Heavens! when I think that Music, too, is condemned to be mad, and to burn herself to this end,

on such a funeral pile, your celestial opera-house grows dark and infernal to me. Behind its glitter stalks the shadow of Eternal Death through it too. I look not "up into the Divine eye," as Richter has it, "but down into the bottomless eye-socket"—not upwards towards God, Heaven, and the Throne of Truth, but, too truly, down; towards Falsity, Vanity, and the dwelling-place of Everlasting Despair. Good sire, surely I by no means expect the opera will abolish itself this year or the next. But if you ask me why heroes are not born now, why heroisms are not done now, I will answer you. It is a world all calculated for strangling of heroisms. At every ingress into life the genius of the world lies in wait for heroisms; and, by seduction, or compulsion, unweariedly does its utmost to pervert them or extinguish them. Yes, to its halls of sweating tailors, distressed needlewomen, and the like, this opera of yours is the appropriate heaven. Of a truth, if you will read a Psalm of Asaph, and then come hither and read the Rossini and Coletti psalm, you will find the ages have altered a good deal. Nor do I wish all men to become Psalmist Asaphs, and fanatic Hebrews. Far other is my wish—far other, and wider, is now my notion of the universe. Populations of stern faces, stern as any Hebrew, but capable, withal, of bursting into inextinguishable laughter on occasions—do you understand that new and better form of character. Laughter also, if it come from the heart, is a heavenly thing. But at least and lowest, I would have you a population abhorring phantasms, abhorring unverity in all things, and in your amusements, which are voluntary and not compulsory things, abhorring it most impatiently of all.

### ORATORIO AND THE PATHOLOGY OF ART.

(BY JOSEPH GODDARD.)

*Continued from page 413.*

AGAIN, as the summer of art approaches, all the softer and warmer characters of beauty that glow in the artistic idea, become more intense, and bud into ornament. Its expression beams in ineffable loveliness and lofty grace, whilst its effect is considerably augmented and rendered massive by the partially extraneous but still legitimate resources of the mind.

This is the culmination of artistic life.

But, anon, the teeming floriture of ornament flows so profusely, so enrichingly, but, at the same time, so enervatingly over the gorgeous form of art that the transcendent lines of pure beauty become defiled and broken, whilst simultaneously the infinite resources for artificially developing, for apparently increasing, by mechanical reflections, original sparks of beauty, become so extensively exemplified in the now changing aspect of art, that that simple but unsurpassable eloquence of native beauty—the impressive and plainly graven lore from the human soul in its elevated temperament—is totally concealed or altogether extinct. And the lofty missional expression of art now wholly teams with dazzling, soulless ornament (the abused exemplification of that abstract principle of outward charm which nature has enjoined shall always more or less vividly and everywhere consistently shine in all operations in the universe, mental or physical), or creeps weakly upon the mind, with only the multiplied echoes of original beauty—the fading reflections of her first spark—though the din of artificial resource strikes loudly upon the ear, and the glare of mechanical display dazzles and distracts the eye.

About here, then, is the line where the path of human art verges upon diffuseness, confusion, and, in fact, death and oblivion. Here is the spot where the spoiled but heavenly child of humanity is tottering upon the brow of darkness; where the year bending, loaded with gorgeous array, is sinking into the wintry obscure. Here is the spot where the bright trace of the spirit of beauty upon earth becomes straggling and indefinite; where she may assuredly become altogether lost, and where the track of her sweet footsteps may for ever disappear to the beaming eye of man.

Therefore here, like a pilgrim guiding himself through a strange land ever and anon turns his glance backward to where he hath previously struck his staff in the ground, doth it behove the human ministers of beauty, the earthly shepherds of art, to turn and behold, to glance back and attentively contemplate, the clearer and purer outlines displayed in the path of her more youthful footsteps.

The cause of this apparent inevitable tendency of art to

flourish from simplicity to graceful and replete variety, from this to inordinate splendour, and then to be caught in the rapid current of corruption,—to advance like all things on earth from youth to prime, and thence into the mist of age, lies in the hidden constitution of the human mind, formed in its action for the admission of that inscrutable element common to almost every work, act, or motive, that proceeds from man—the element of fallibility.

For the general outline of the human mind, extending through-out generations, and in its long and unbroken path of life involving the rise and fall of thousands of the mortal shrines in which it temporarily dwells, may be still at length observed to betray the same general features of its career as is so distinctly revealed in that of its earthly abodes.

Thus, in that exhibition of the nature of the mind revealed in its action upon art, we see it demands, like the body, nourishment of continually increased intensity, as its age advances: then, when its form is developed, still, like the body, we see it now betray that proneness to reject the natural food of health, and demand excitement in an ever-augmented degree. For owing to that remarkable property of the human mind previously mentioned, of unconsciously attaching to itself, as innate data of operation, the results amassed in the preceding portion of its life, it will be seen that, as every fresh intellect arises upon the scene of art, the nourishment which satisfied the previous one has already become constituent operative data of the new one, which consequently, in obedience to the ennobling principle of restlessness in its nature, demands fresh and original forms of manifestation, till that limit which circumscribes every series of influences appealing to the outward senses—and the form of art is one of these—is arrived at; till the confines previously mentioned are reached, where the mind, if it alter its outward form of manifestation, must repeat, or where its tendency for change may cause it to diverge into the regions of excitement and oblivion.

Is not, then, the path of art endless? Is it not ever and ever varied? Is it not inexhaustible? No! unless it be the endlessness of the circle. The depth of beauty revealed by the medium of art is unfathomable—can never by far be wholly received into the expansive mind of man; but the forms of its revelation upon earth can only succeed each other, can only move in a cycle; like the rain that falls from Heaven is the same that fell before. Like the flower of the field, which betrays first the germ, then the stem, the leaf, the bud, the blossom, and the flower; for further effect than any of these it must ever drink the rain and smile to the sun in vain.

These facts are illustrated by, and at the same time explain, the present condition of the arts of Poetry and Music, now at the termination of their cycle, in which ornament and floriture team in formless and boundless exuberance; in which an abandoned array of gorgeous and sensual imagery, unsubjective to any definite idea of beauty, is only lost in the desultory and totally empty mysticism of a wandering and powerless mind, or in the dazzling display of overwrought artificial and mechanical resource.

I say again, the depth of the stream of Beauty is fathomless and inexhaustible, and can never be wholly imbibed by the panting soul of man; but its surface—the page of its earthly revelation—is definite, compassable, and circumscribed. The emotions of the breast of man—extraneously derived—cannot but be received through the medium of the sense and the number of impressions producible thereon belong to the orders of a finite system, therefore art must be repetitive in form—must flow in a cycle, though the beauty shining from its depths is immortal and infinite. Let then its volaries and exponents relieve their thirst for change in the fathomless depths of beauty, that infinite spring of ever original idea, and not vainly endeavour to gain from the finite the attributes of the infinite, not seek in the mortal form of art for that endless progression, for the betrayal of that infinite series of changes which alone dwells in its immortal spirit.

The object of these remarks is to impress how considerably the true progress of art may be assisted and maintained by an intelligent retrospect of its past course, and by a consideration

of that form of its development termed choral, in which its real and only path is more arbitrarily dictated by nature.

From these considerations we learn that purity of outline is the specific attribute of true art, and that simplicity, not complexity, is the soul of deep impression and great effect. That simplicity, far from involving the attribute of shallowness, is the great result of that deep complexity which divine intellect alone can organise or follow; complexity whose effect alone is revealed to man in those instincts peculiar to genius, and which genius alone can wield—the instincts of simplicity.

We learn also that as that darkness and want of warmth which surrounds the dawn of art proceeds from the tendency of the human mind to ignore the æsthetical data proffered by nature—the only medium through which man can hold communion with the hidden spirit of beauty—the only agency through which he can avail himself of her principles; that so also that darkness which hovers around the decline of art proceeds from a similar tendency, namely, to reject the agency of nature—to reject those legitimate artistic forms, which, although in their construction having involved the exertions of generations of intellect, still through the very closeness of their relationship with the human mind—through the tendency it betrays to avail itself of them as its most natural and effective forms of manifestation, may be termed the simple forms of nature. That as that harshness and confusion, which disfigures the infancy of art, proceeds from an endeavour of the human mind to supply the loss of the data proffered by nature—of nature's illustrations of the principles of beauty—the nearest elements of her nature open to the study of man—by substituting effects from a complete system of beauty compiled by himself—an abortive system imagined by him to be that on which nature's charm is wrought, which he has thus relieved of its sacred and eternal mystery;—that so also the harshness and confusion disfiguring art at the period of its decline, proceeds from a similar vain and presumptuous endeavour in the mind to supersede nature—to substitute for that deep and only type of true grandeur and sublimity:—that sole embodiment of finished complexity—complexity that arrives at a result—that weaves itself into the mystery of the sublime, namely, simplicity:—an impotent and distracting complexity of the mind of man,—to supply by artificial, mechanical, and overwrought resource, those effects and impressions which alone can be wrought by an impulse of the breast, an impulse kindled by a communion with the spirit of beauty, and arrayed in the legitimate resources of art, but still a simple and single impulse of nature, as exemplified in the history of art and in the works of genius.

We learn that although in contrast to the early action of the human mind, with regard to art, the future development of her form to its prime was wrought through that tendency of the mind to attach to itself all the previous effects of art as data for new ones, that still the impetus the human mind thus received for continual enhancement and enlargement of form in art led it to forget her spirit—the spirit of beauty for whose revelation it is alone that art exists, and eventually to outstrip the form.

And thus we arrive at the perception of dictates of action with regard to art which are obvious and imperative; and the subject is one of no superficial or unpractical character, for that which is beauty to the mind I consider to have been ordained by the Creator as the great symbol and illustration of virtue (to the heart), namely—to return to and abide zealously and scrupulously in that highly developed form of Art which is still consistent with nature, lest, by endeavouring to substitute for the simplicity and intelligibility arrived at in nature, and developed by art in her replete and legitimate forms, an artificial complexity of the mind of man. By endeavouring to produce by overwrought mechanical resource, that great impression of beauty and sublimity which can alone be imparted by a legitimately arrayed impulse of the breast—which is alone visible through the long-tried path beaten by the previous and continued march of the human mind—we lose altogether a glimpse of the brightness of beauty, and rashly drive on effects of sense, as though, in variety and power, they could surpass their finite nature, till we gain a velocity which has the effect of stillness, a light which intensifies to darkness, and a complexity not to be distinguished from confusion.

June 8th, 1854.

JOSEPH GODDARD.

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Seem'd in a dream, and slowly mov'd;  
He sang of eyes so beaming bright,  
The beautiful eyes of her he lov'd.  
"Oh! those blue eyes, those eyes of blue,  
They've broke a gallant spirit's case;  
Oh! cruel fate, 'twas hard of you,  
To tear asunder hearts like these!"

Three noble horses swiftly fly,  
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